

M.WEYLAND



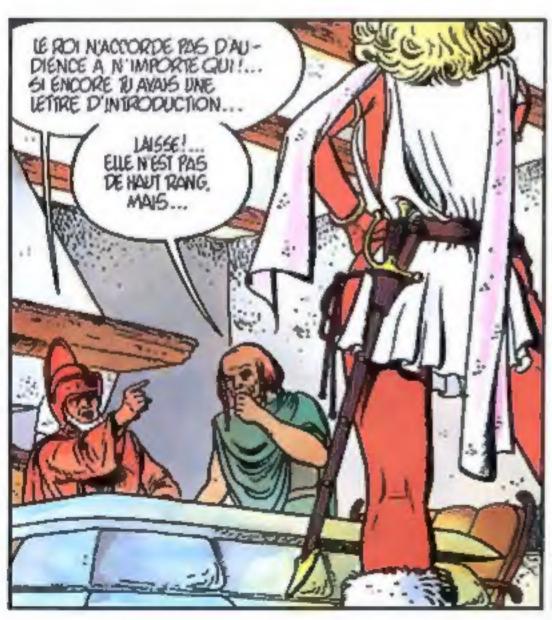
LES LARMES DE LA DÉESSE

UNE HISTOIRE DU JOURNAL TINTIN



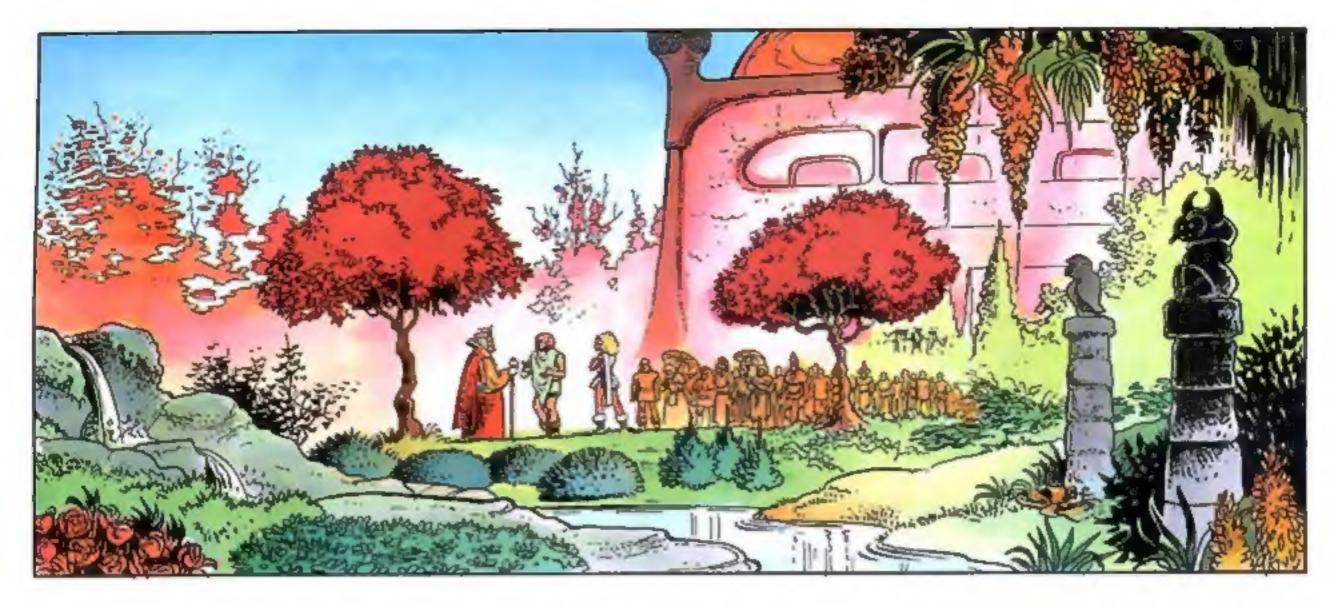






















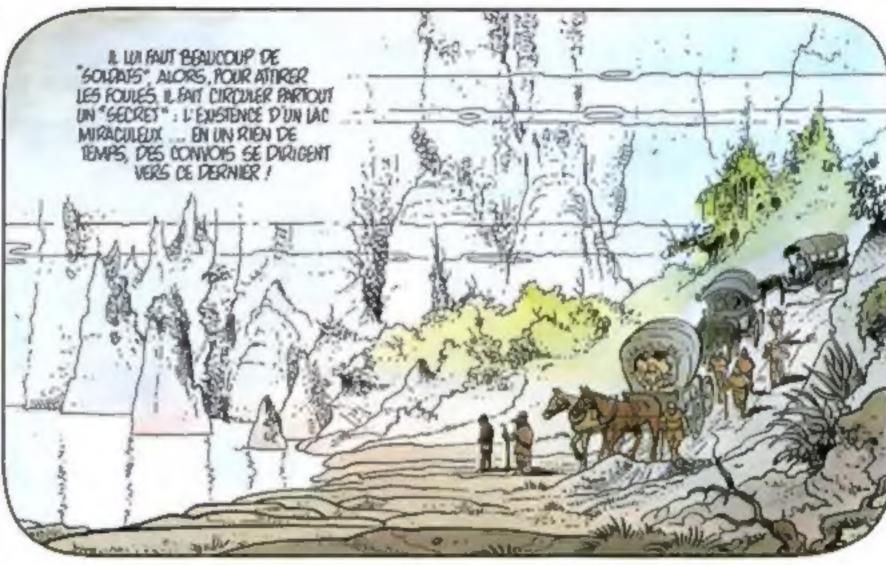






(4) YOUR LES CHEVALIERS D'AQUARIUS.

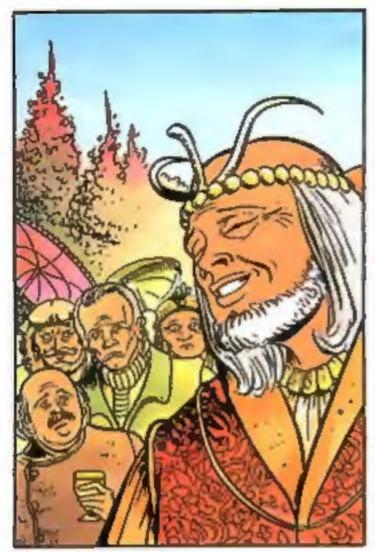






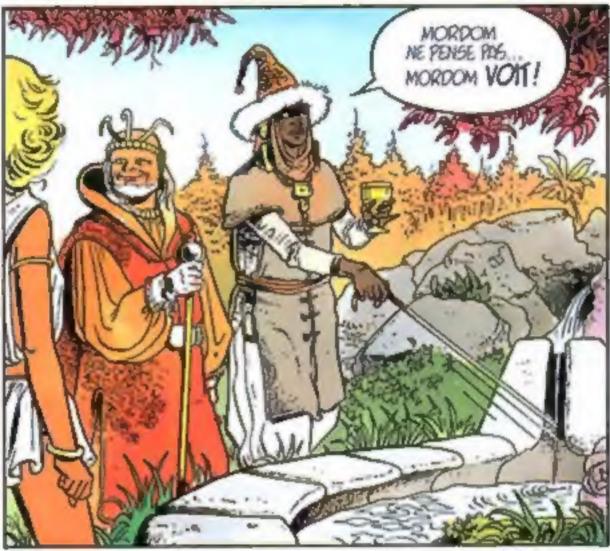
































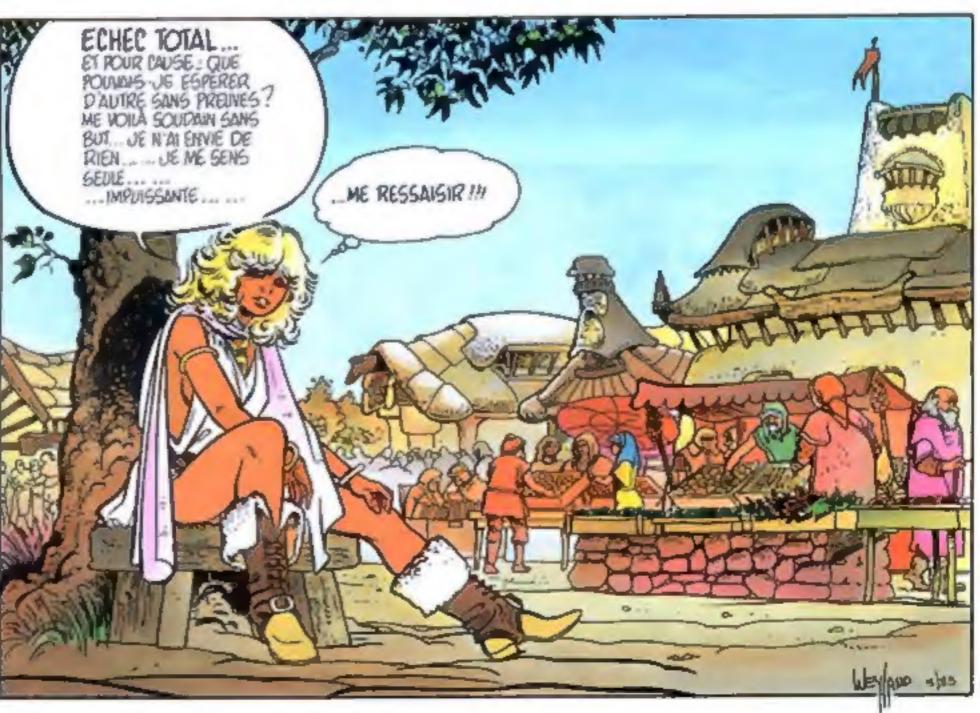


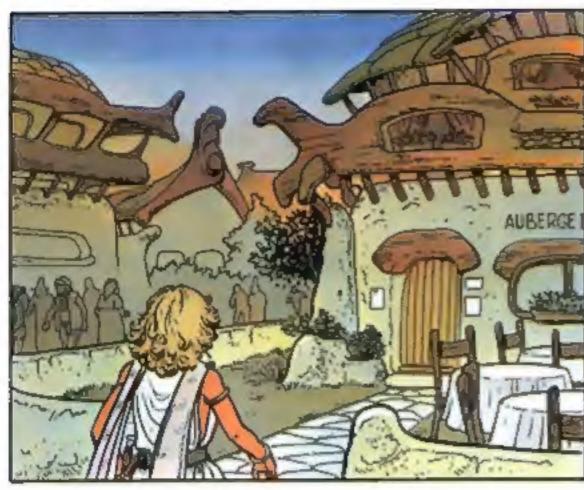




















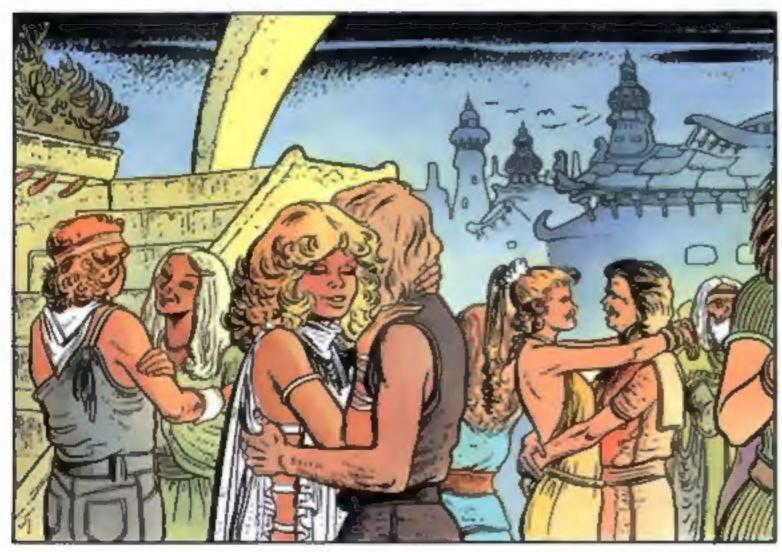


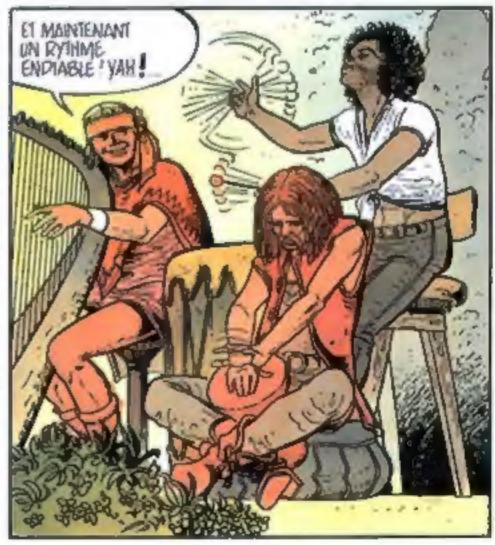




































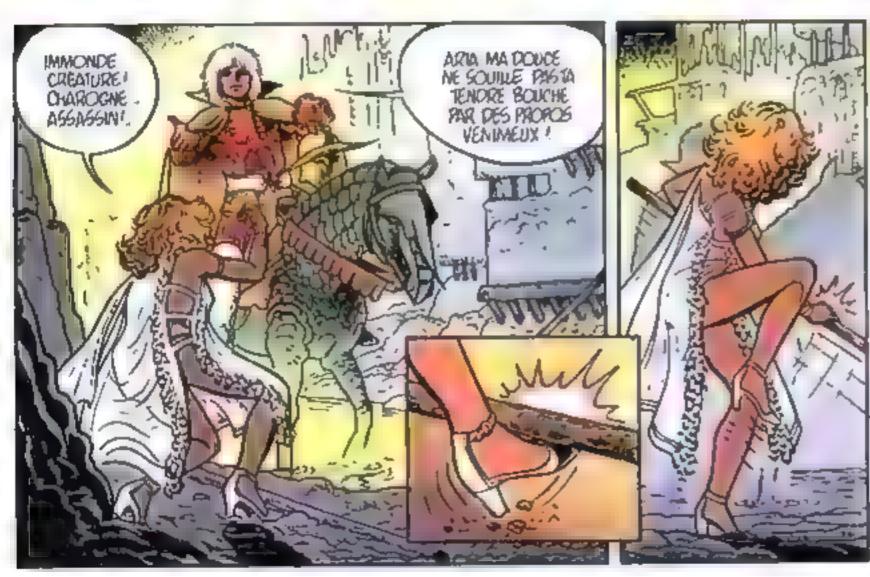












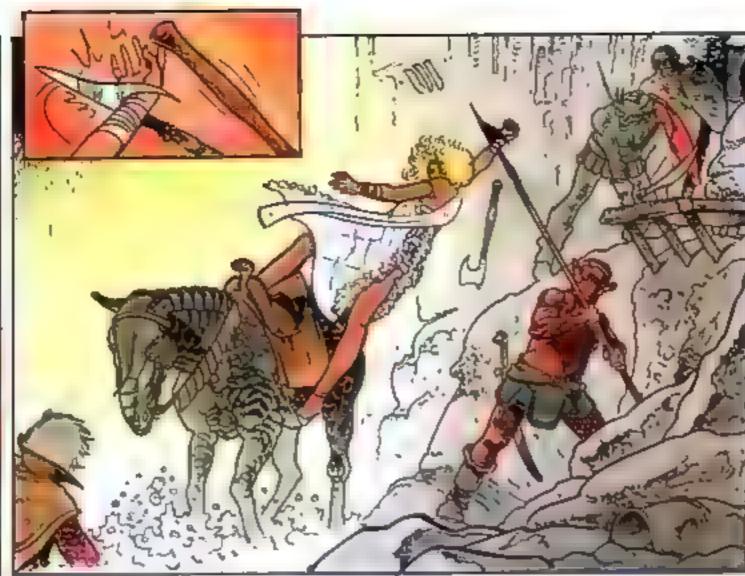














































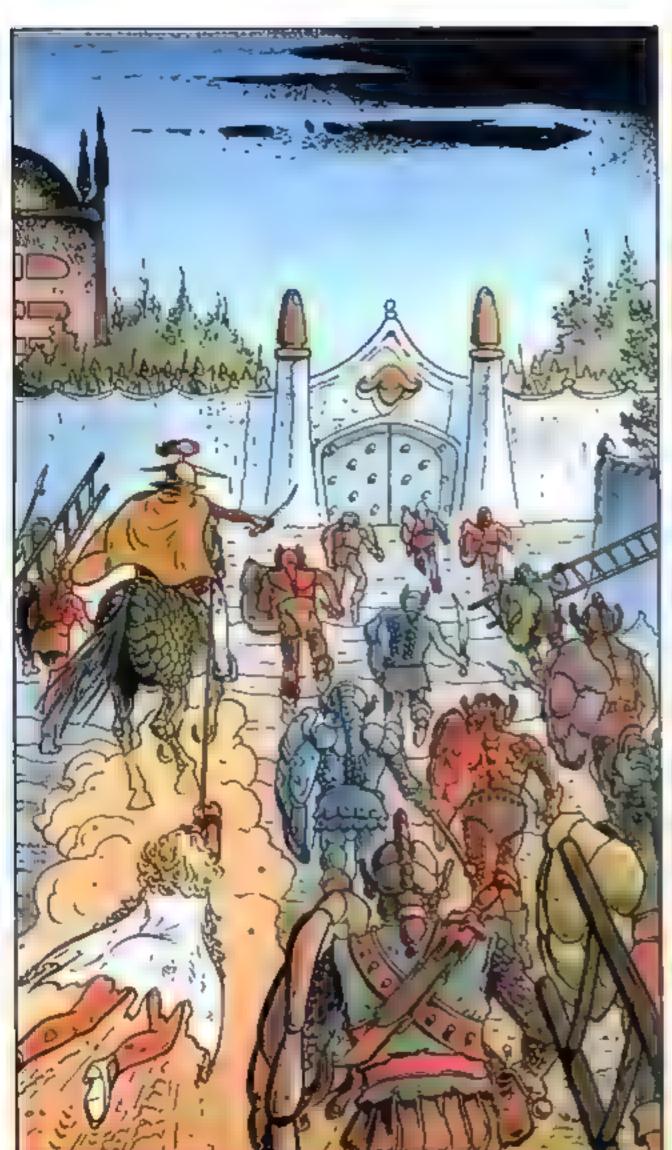




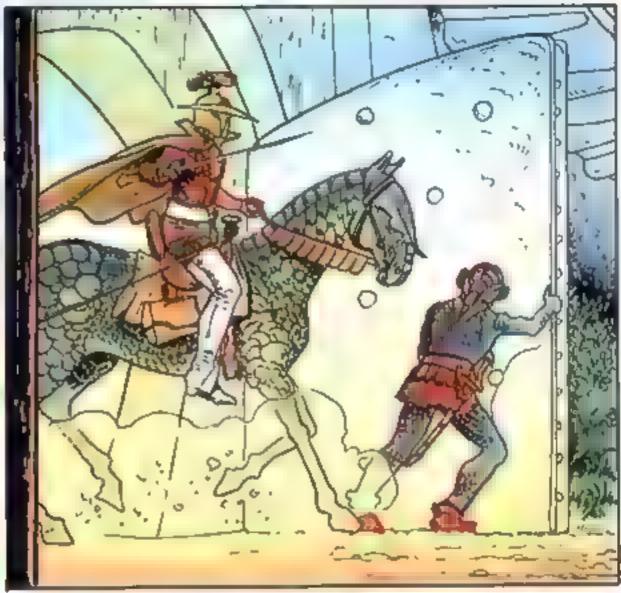










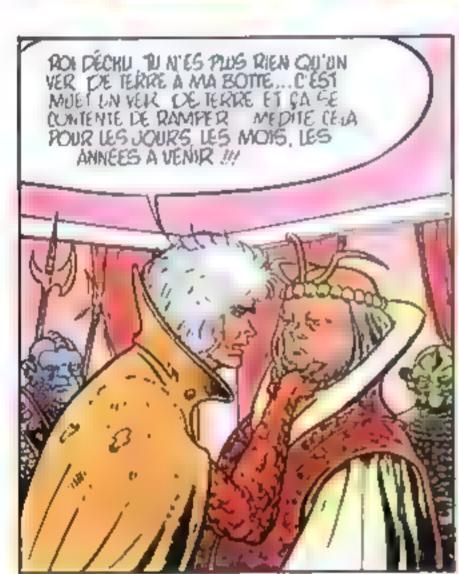






























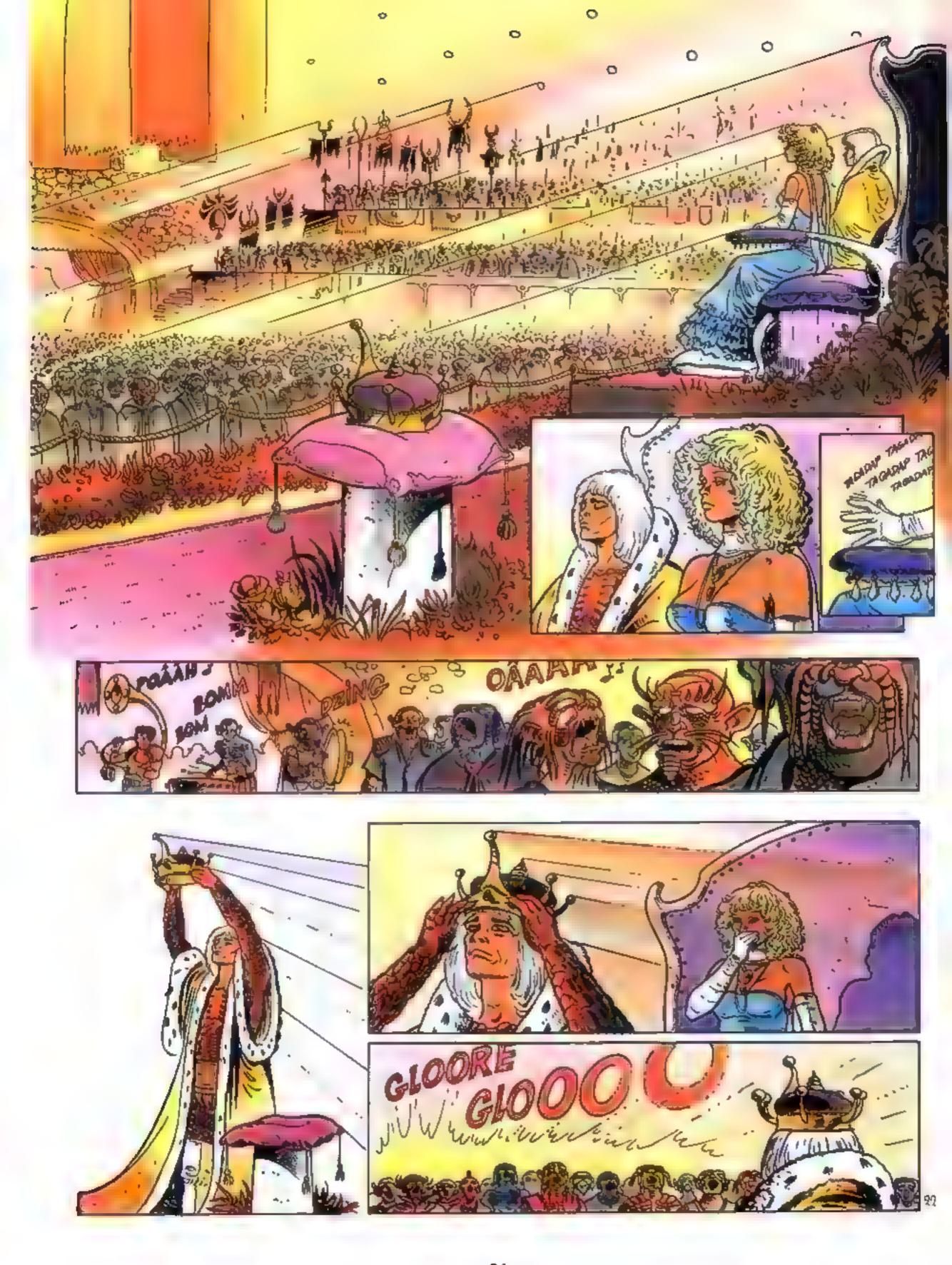




















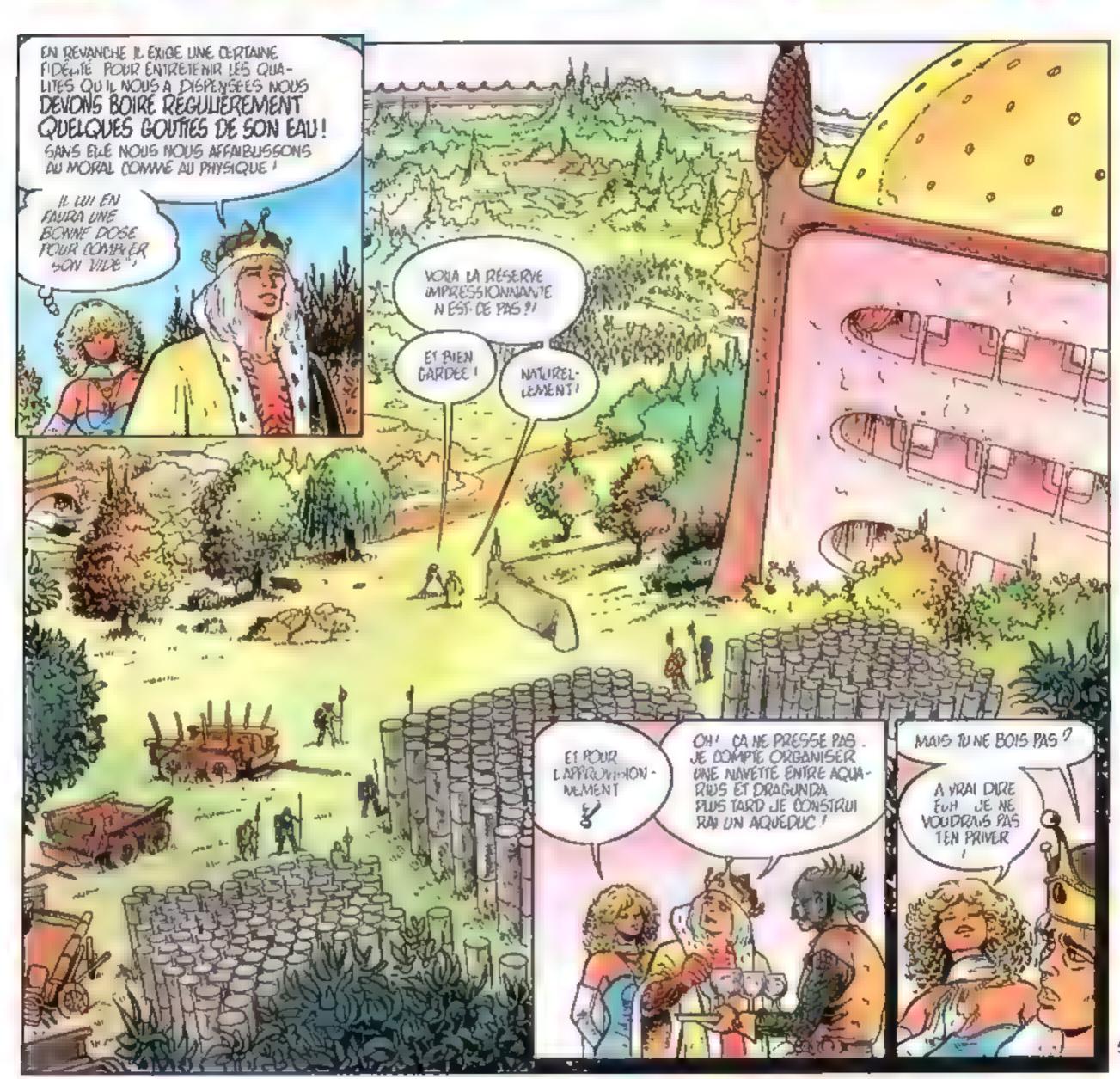
































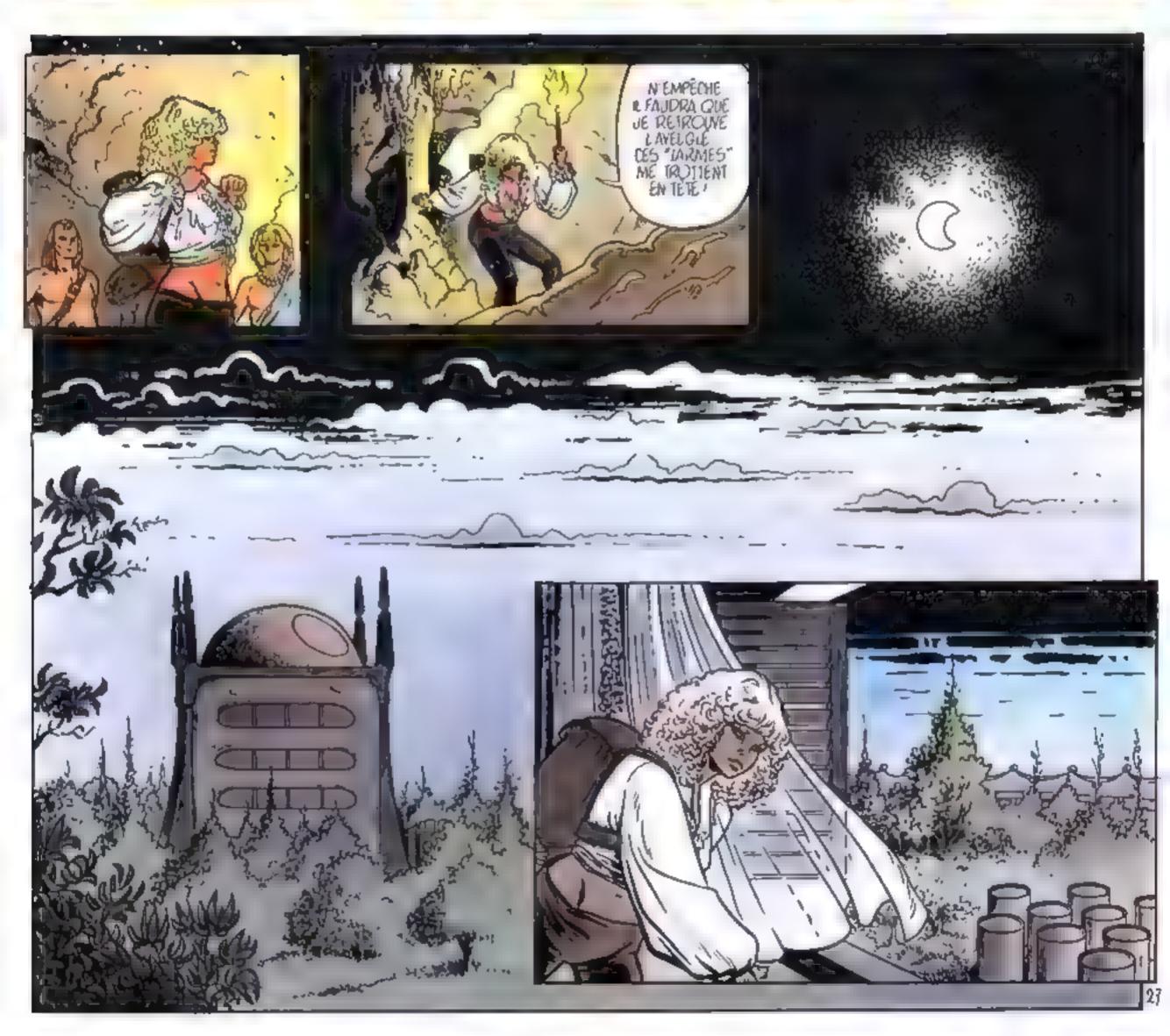






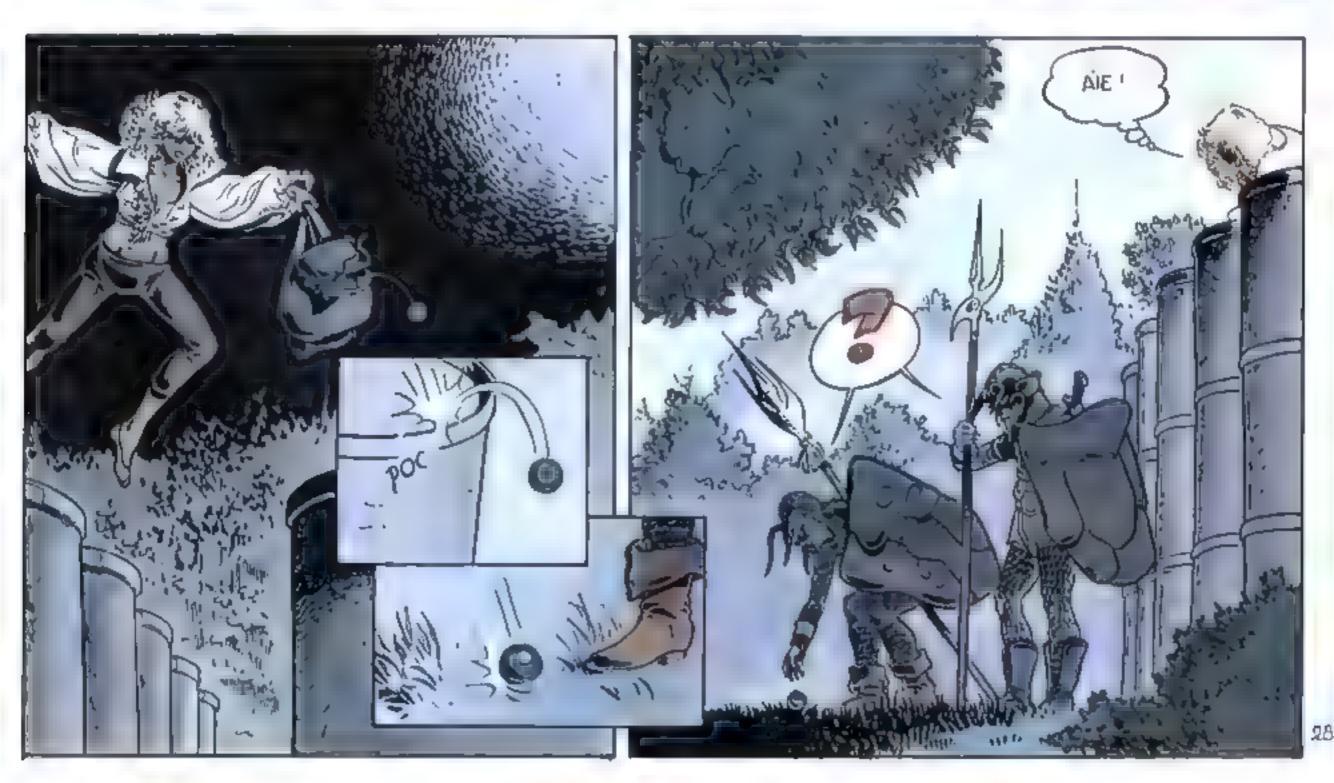






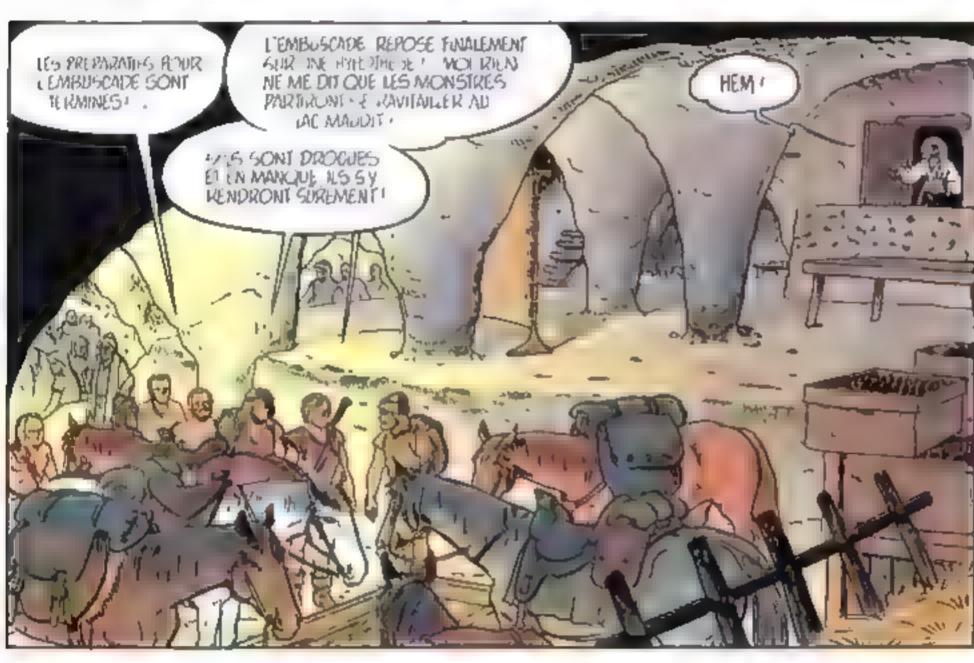






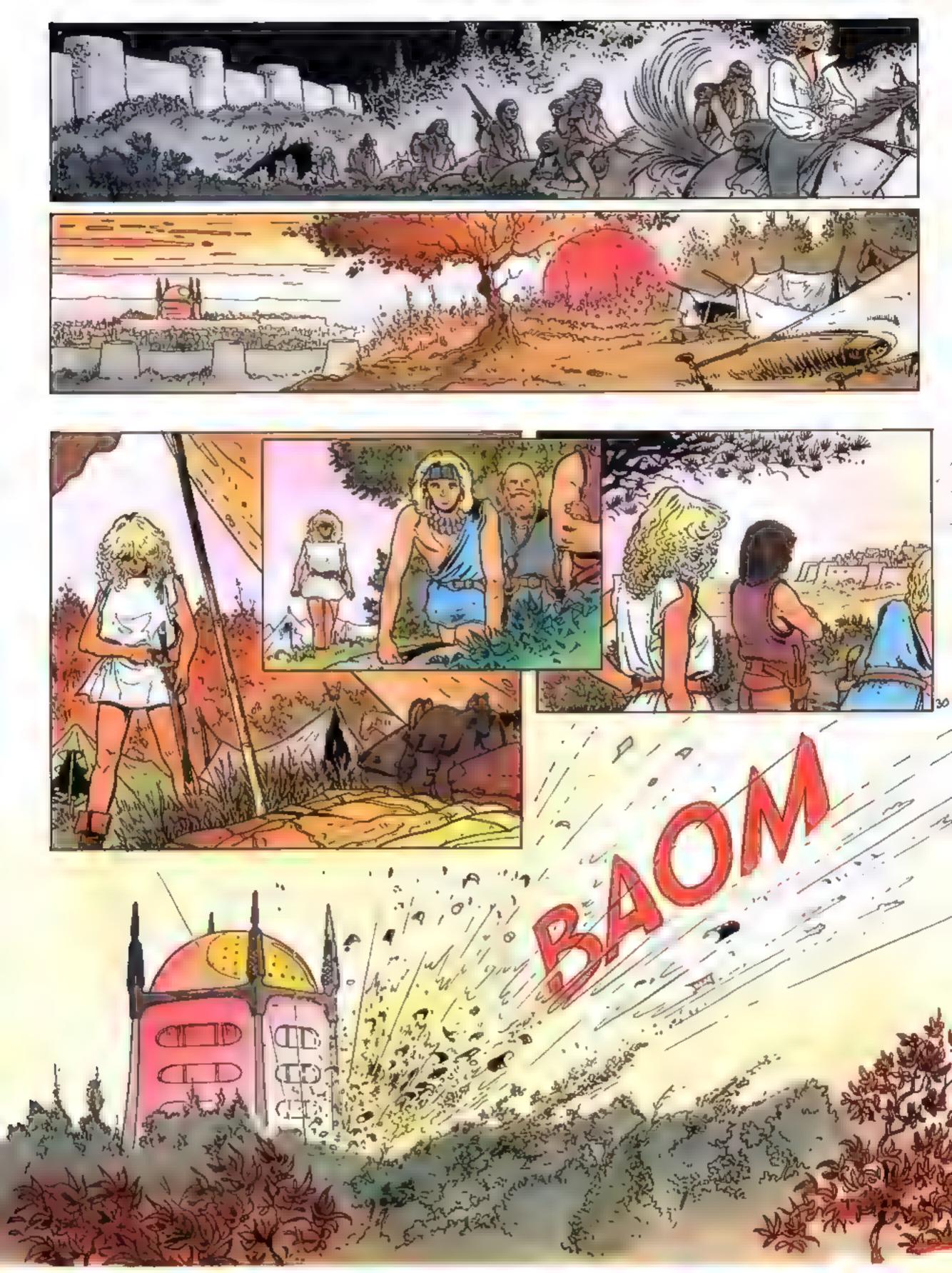










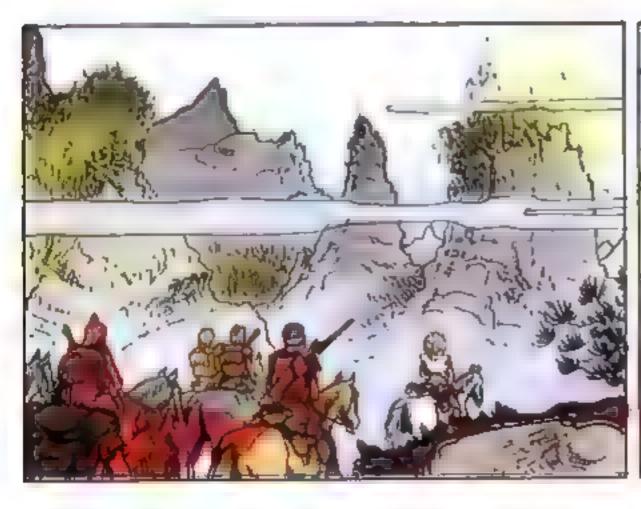


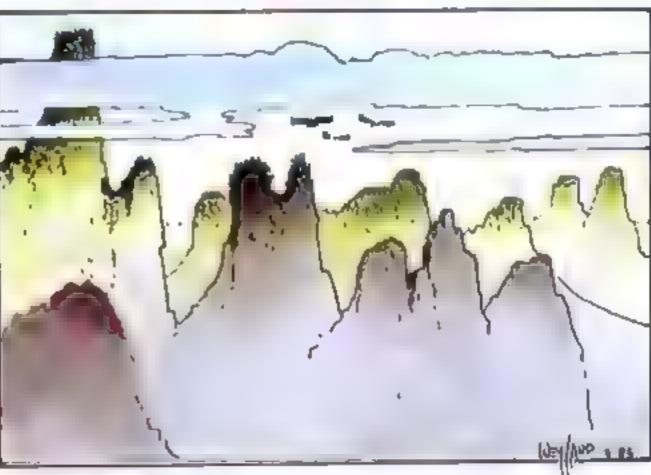


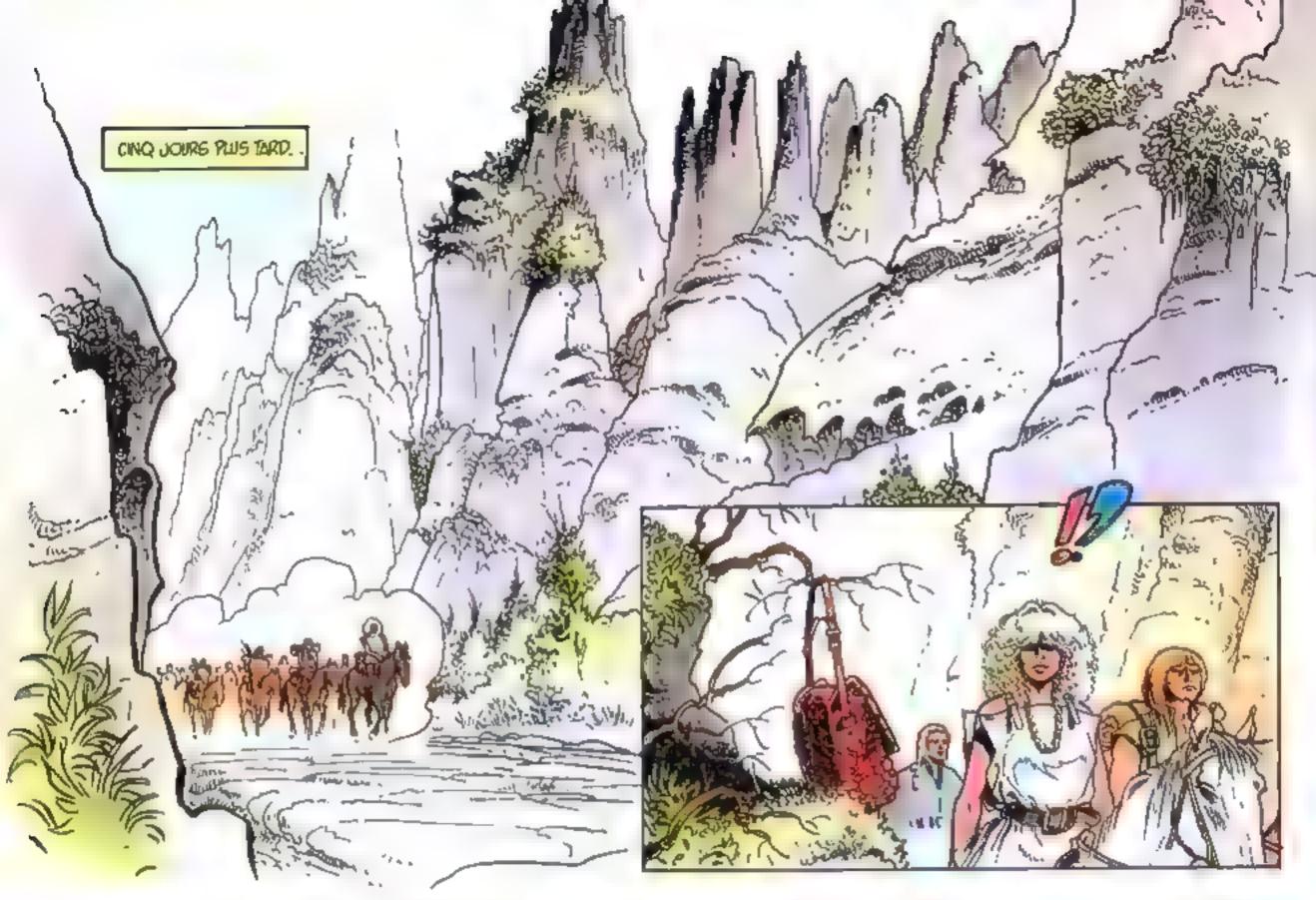






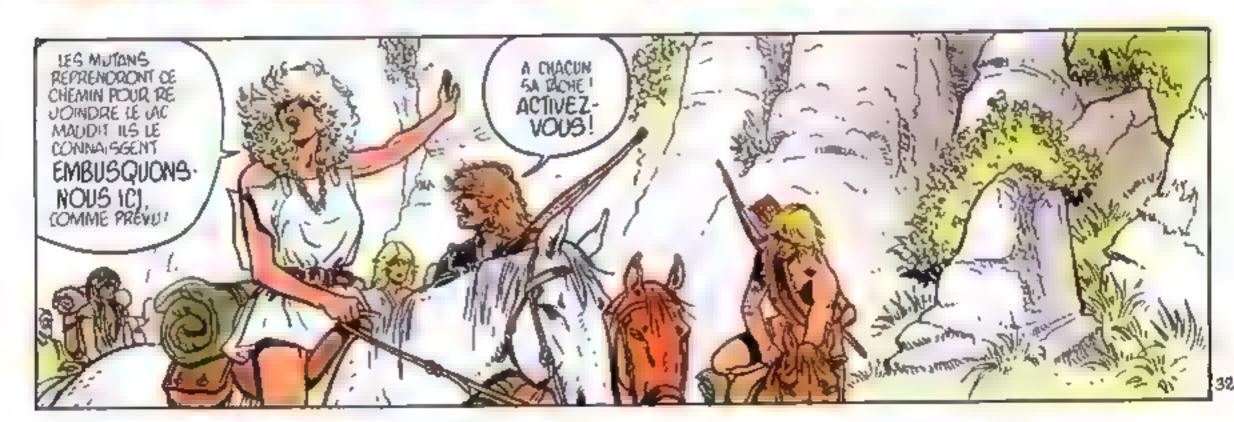


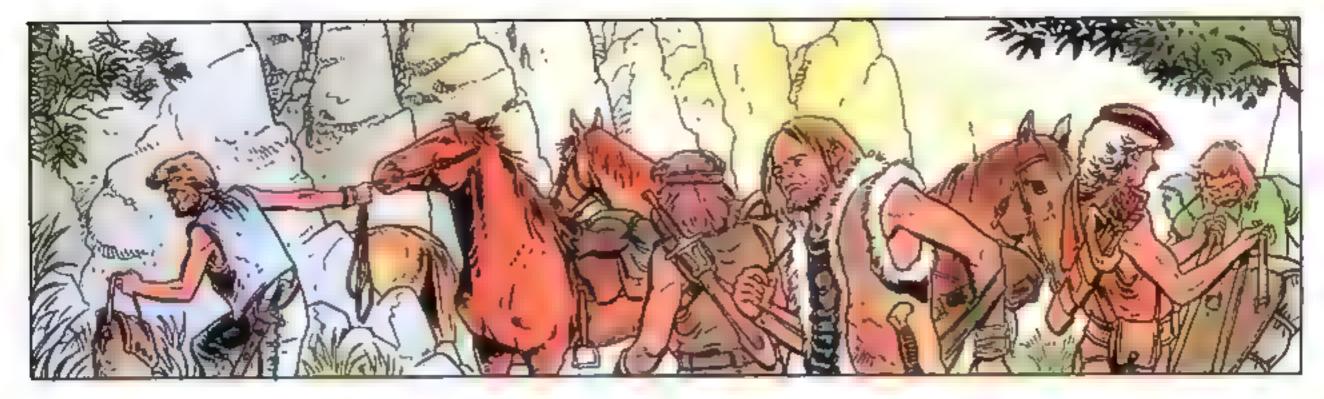


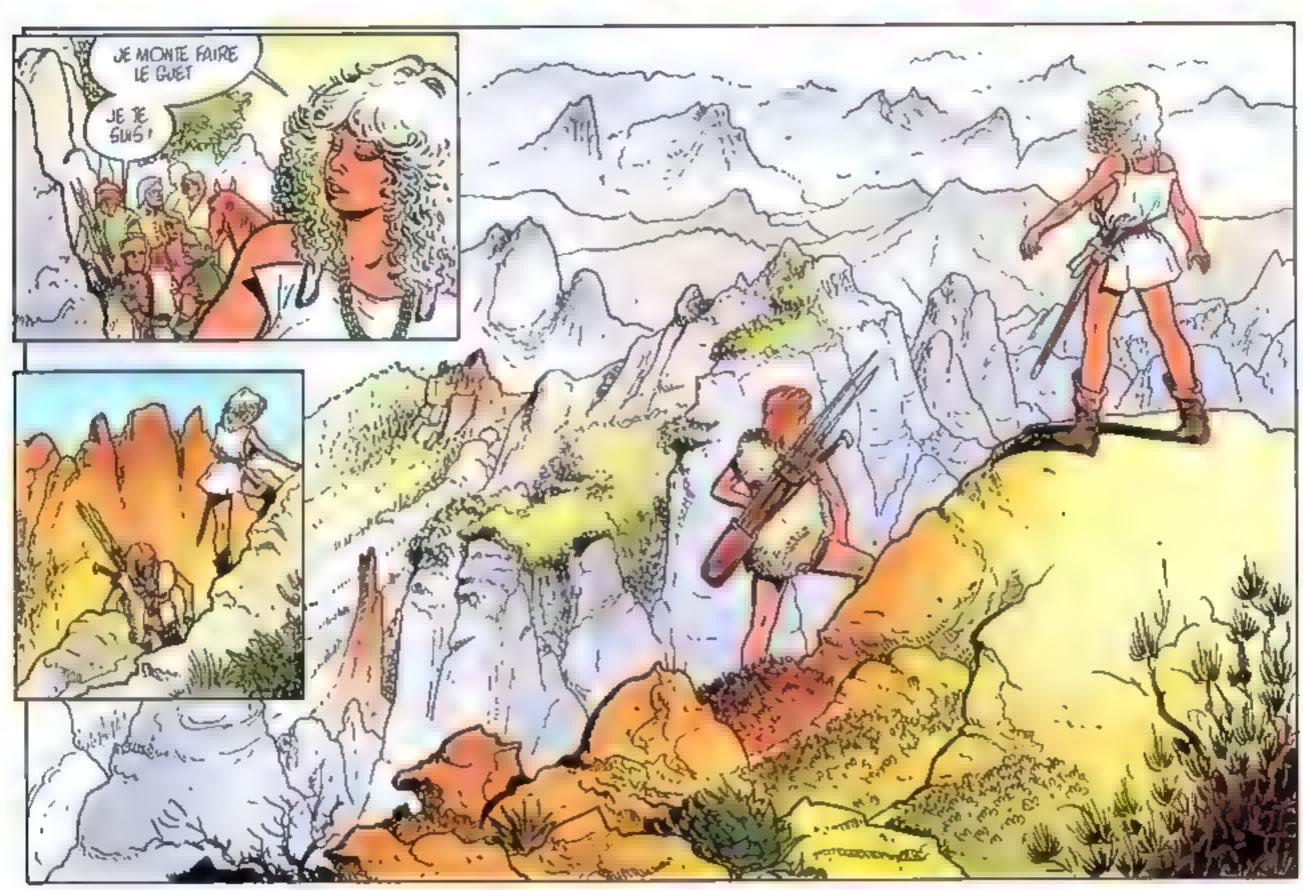






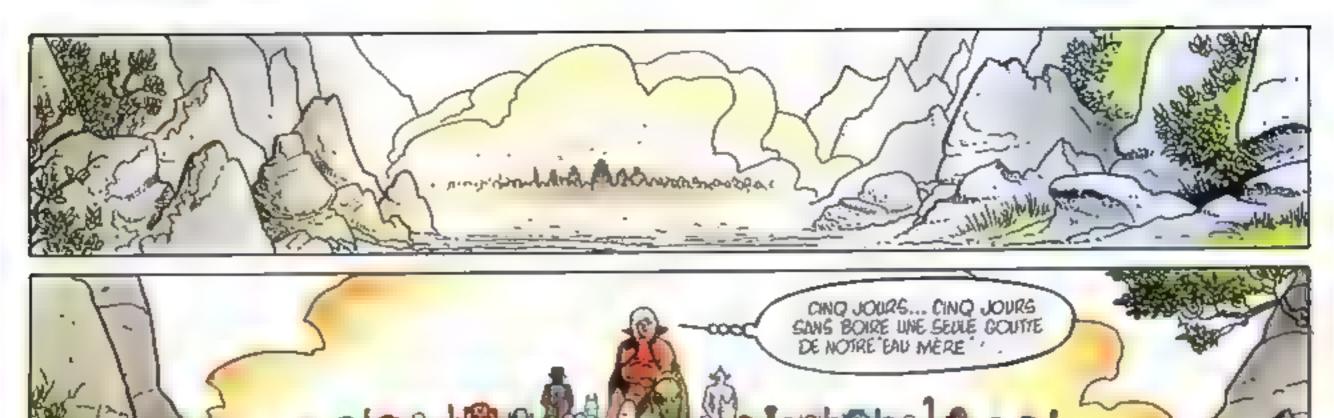












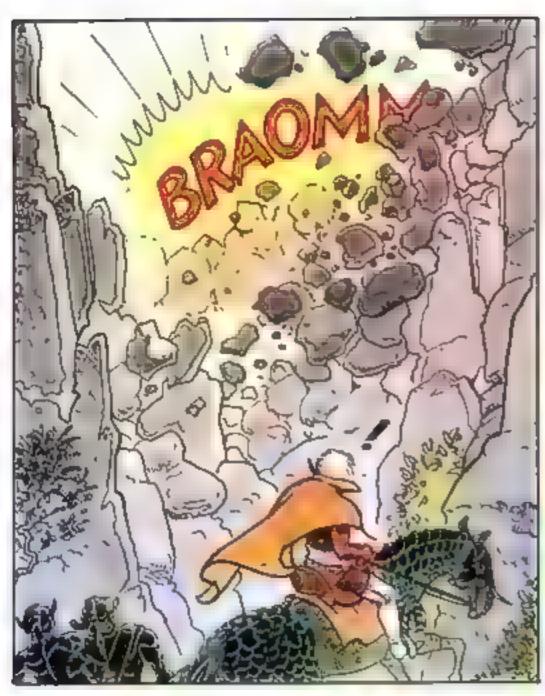










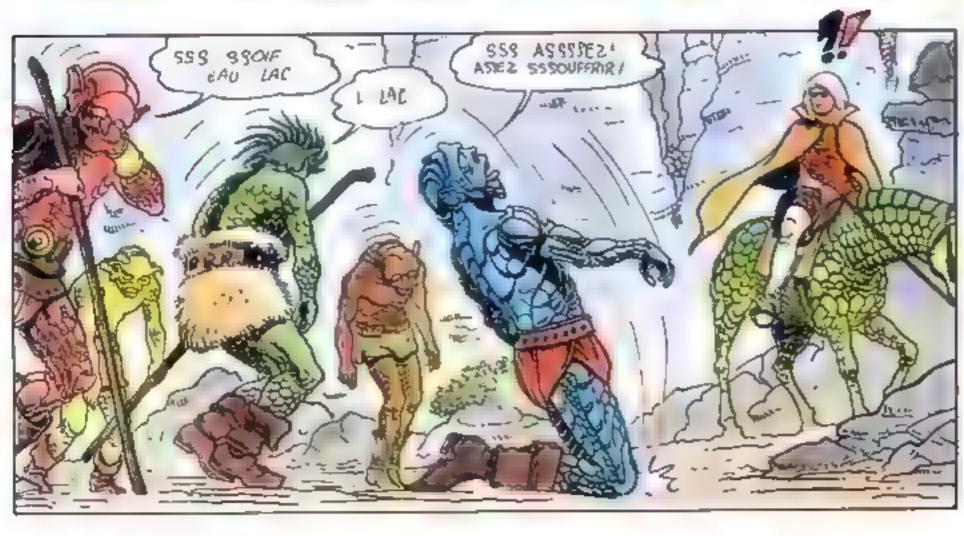














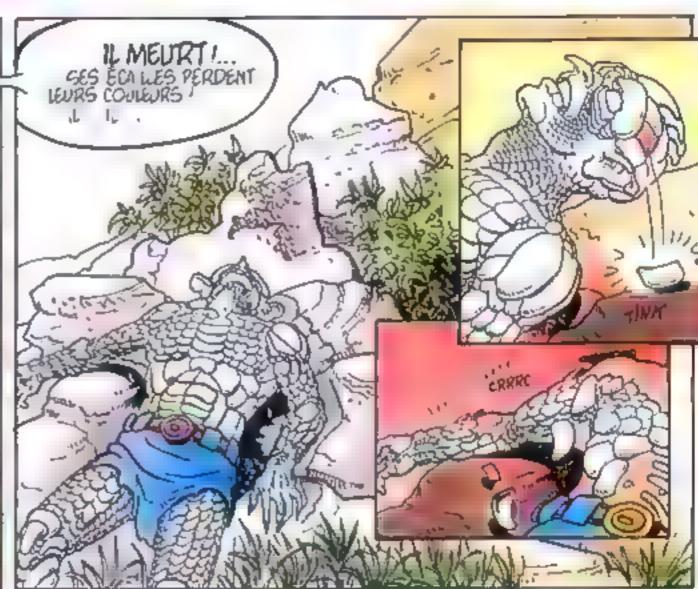


JE NE RICANE PAS, NON MAIS!...
À QUI LA FAUTE S'ILS SOUFFRENT?
ACCUSE PLUTÔT TES RÉVES DE GLOIRE,
TON APPETIT DE REVANCHE CONTRE
LE SORT QUI TE FIT ESCLAVE...ET...
ET TU LES ÀS ATTIRÉS AU LAC...







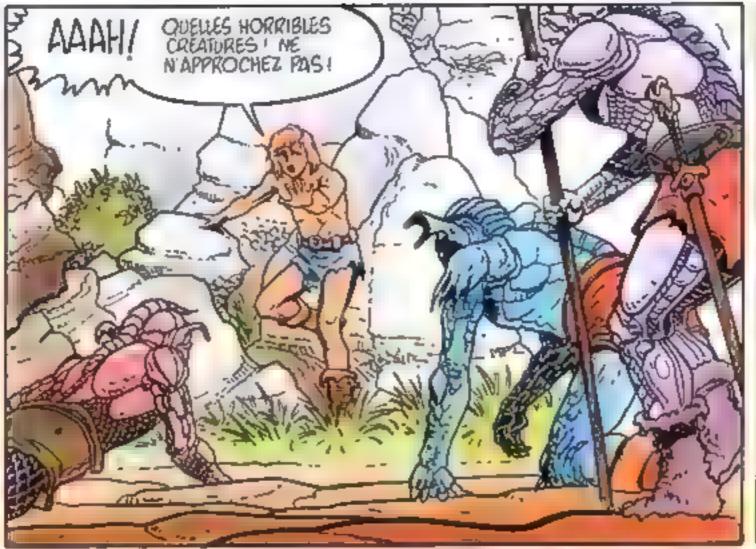




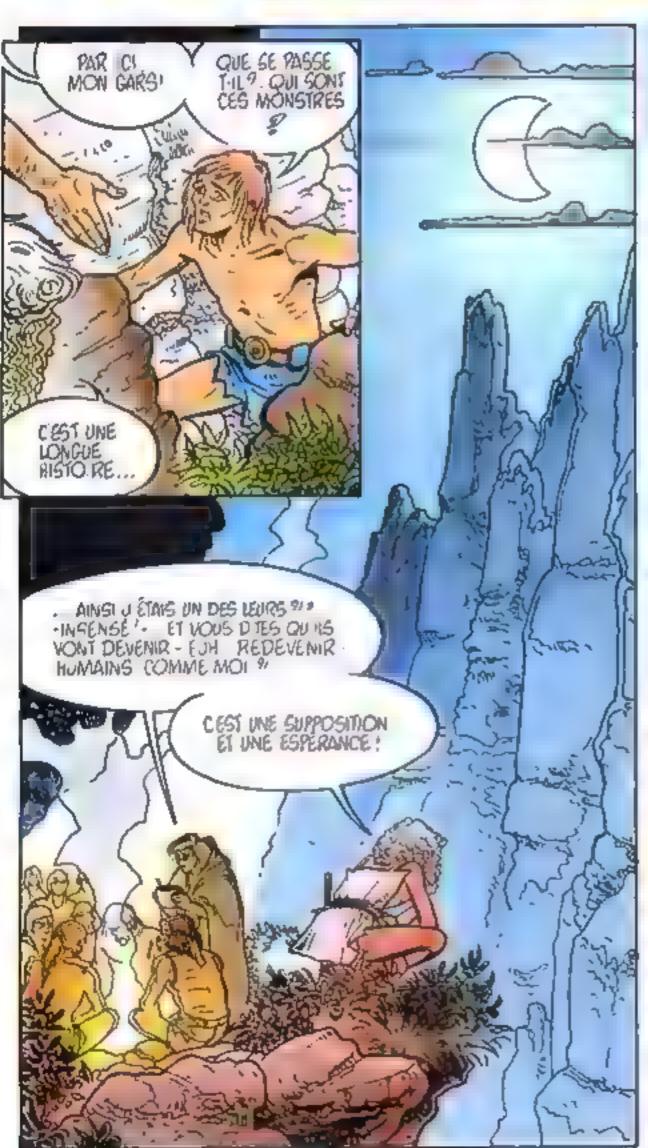






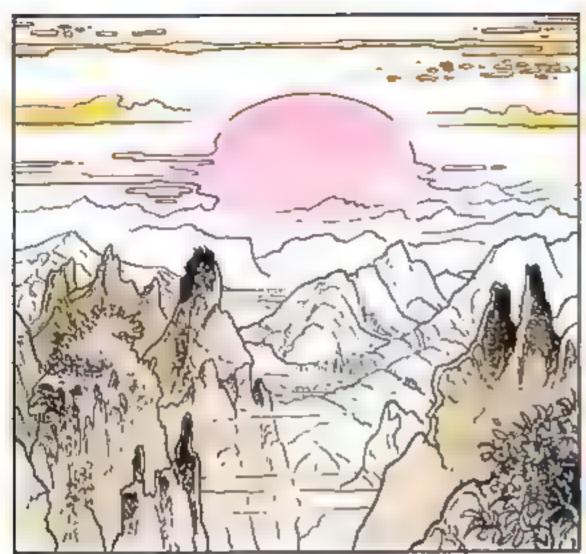


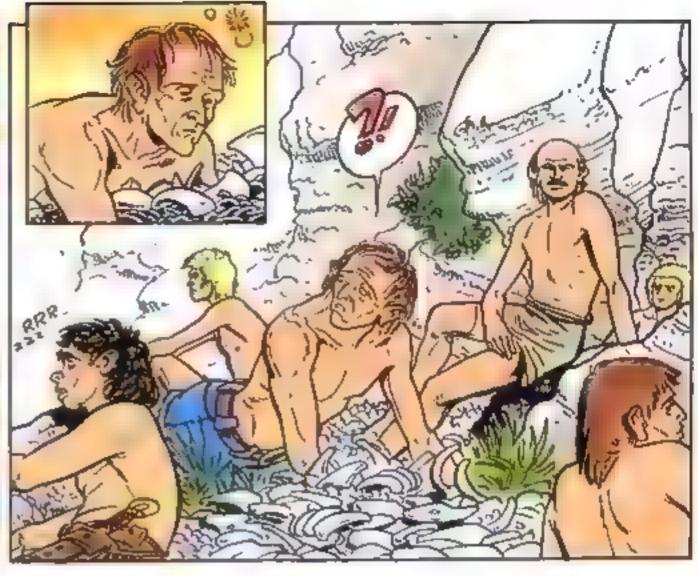












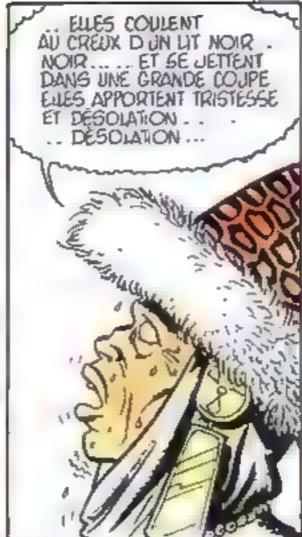


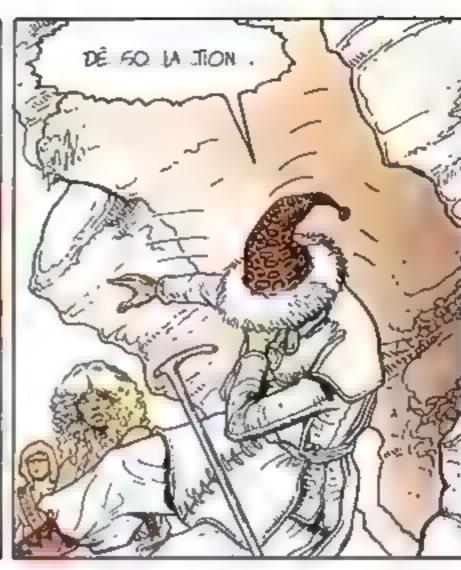














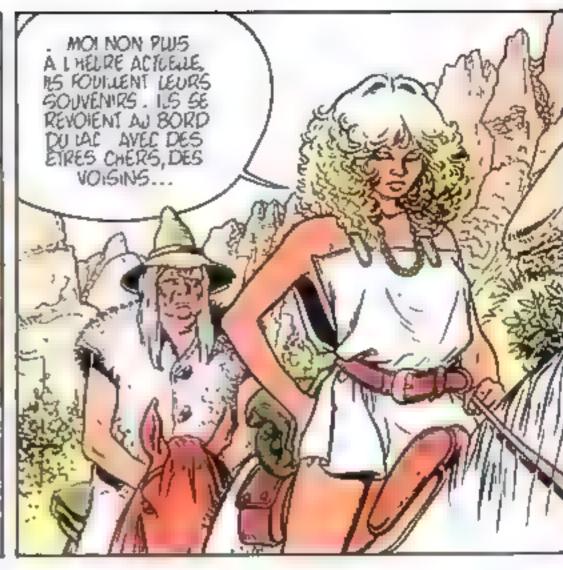










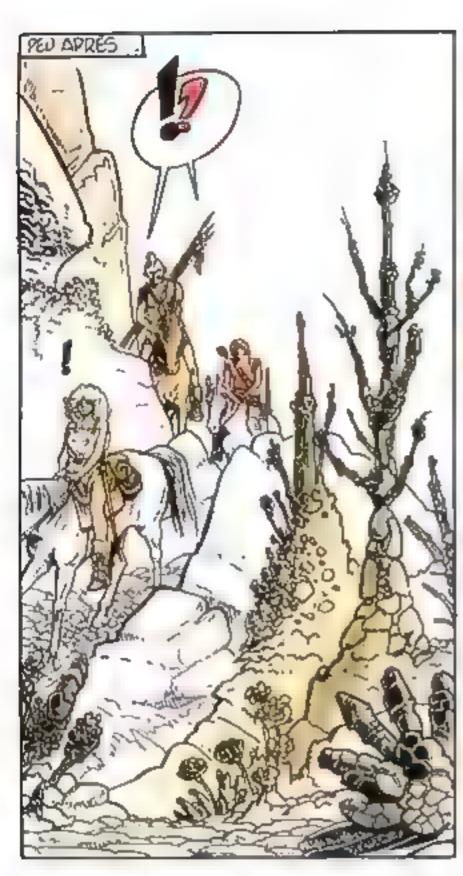


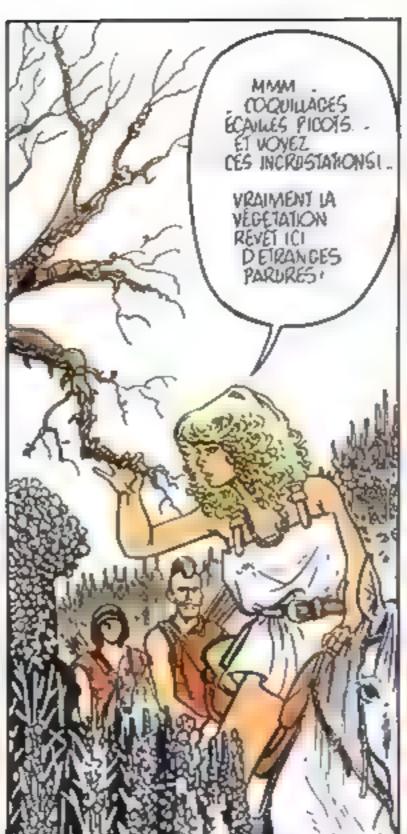




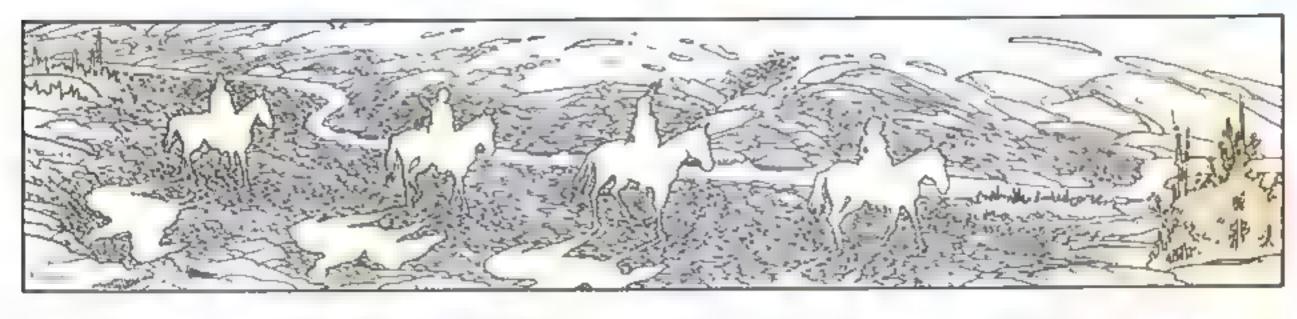


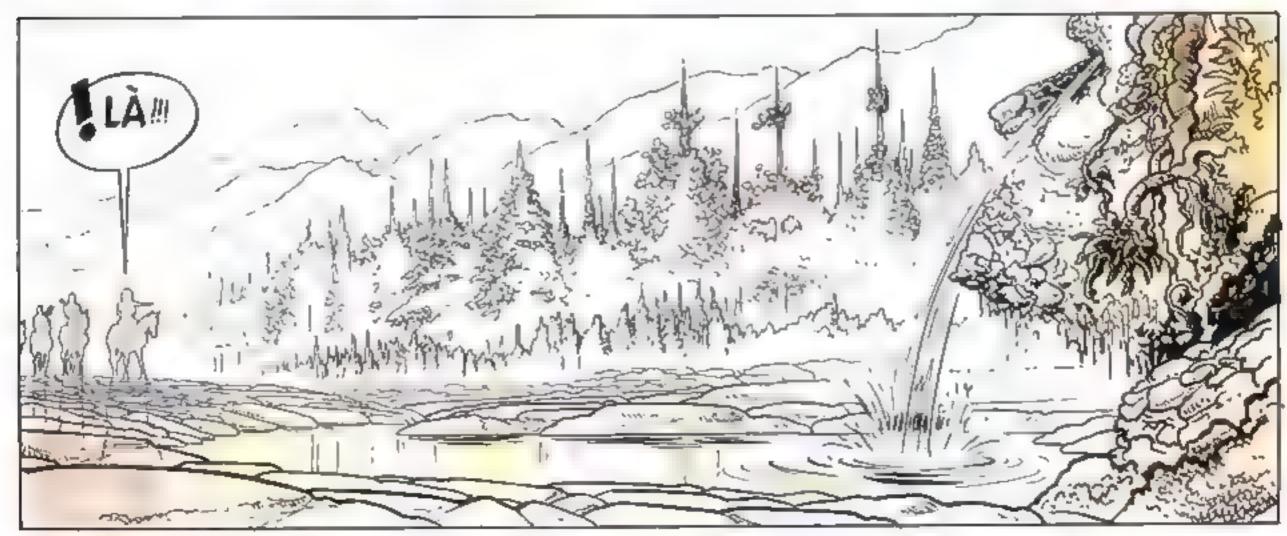


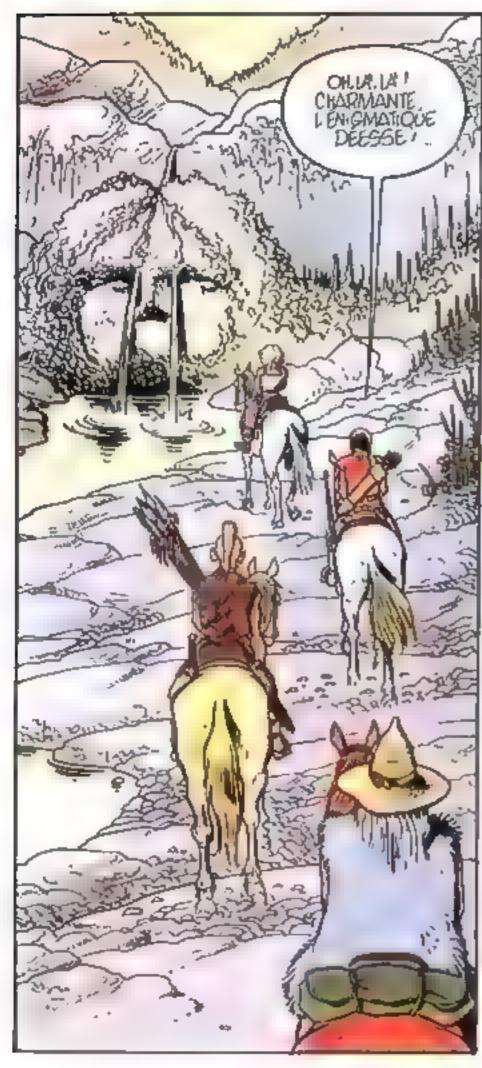








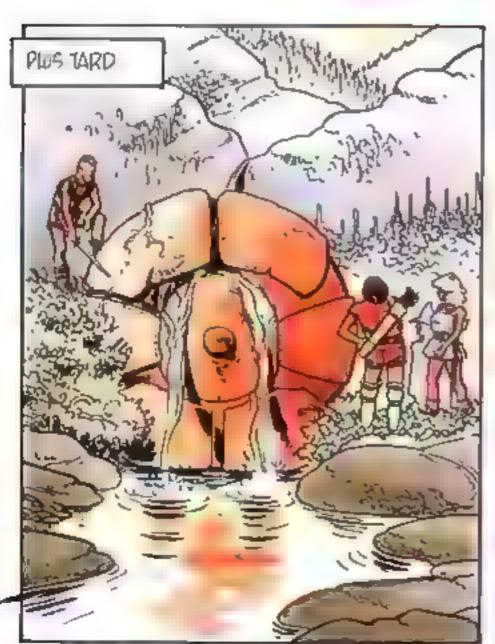














DAPRÈS MOI, CETTE CHOSE EST UN VESTIGE DU PASSE MON GRAND PERE ME RACONTAIT DES LEGENDES TERRIFIANTES OU IL ÉTAIT QUESTION

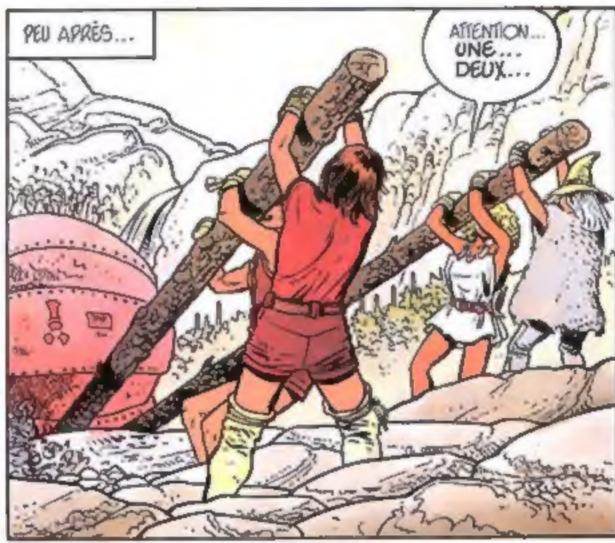


























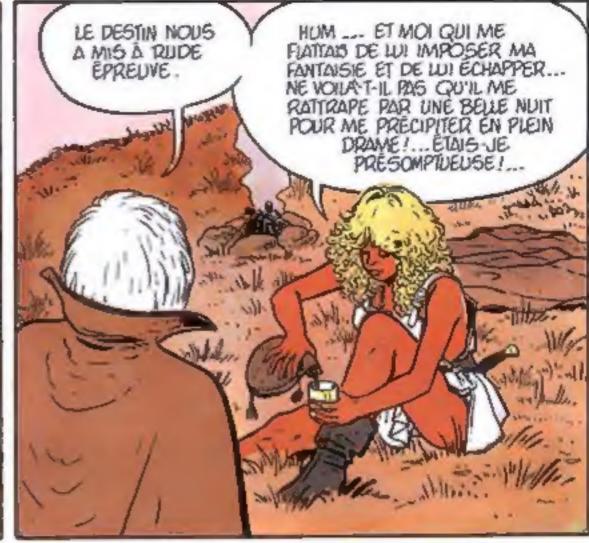








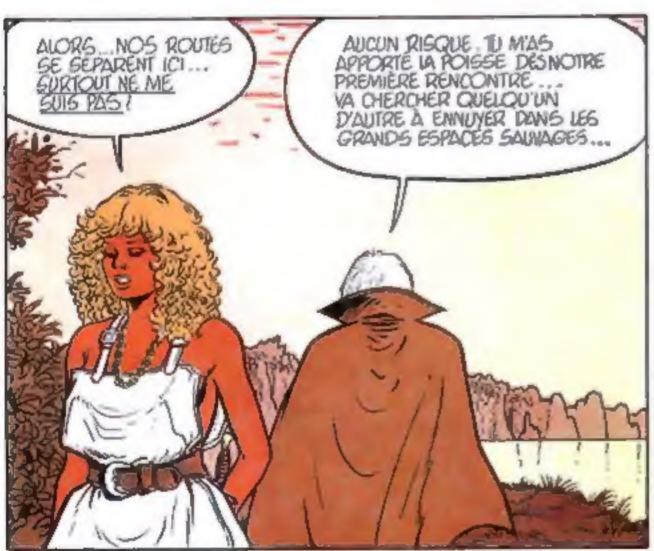


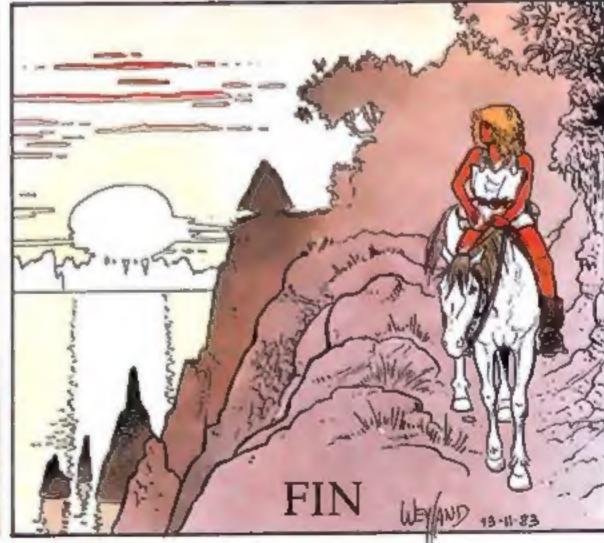














MICHEL WEYLAND

Né à Bruxelles en août 1947, Michel Weyland est un Lion ascendant Gémeaux. Il voulait dessiner... mais les circonstances l'en ont empêché... jusqu'au jour où poussé par un irrésistible désir de défler son destin, il se lance corps et âme dans la bande dessinée en créant Aria, fin 1979

LES LARMES DE LA DEESSE

Glore - Tes garnisons : rasées ! Tes soldats : exterminés ! Ton pays : brûlé !... Parmi les ruines et les cendres, les rats font la fête !...

Roi déchu, tu n'es plus rien qu'un ver de terre à ma botte...

C'est muet, un ver de terre, et ça se contente de ramper... Médite cela pour les jours, les mois, les années à venir !!! -

Le Roi - ... -

Aria - Tu exultes, Glore, mais ouvre l'œil! Le pouvoir - ce hochet tant convoité - est fort capricieux!... Pour un rien il vous échappe!... Il faut qu'il t'échappe! -

De la pensée à l'action, il n'y a qu'un pas... Aria le franchira-telle ?

DEJA PARUS:

- 1. LA FUGUE D'ARIA
- 2. LA MONTAGNE AUX SORCIERS
- 3. LA SEPTIEME PORTE
- 4. LES CHEVALIERS D'AQUARIUS
- 5. LES LARMES DE LA DEESSE

